The
Pagan
Library

Walketh the Path of Moon Shining

GentleMountainLion
(http://www.geocities.com/Athens/forum/6214)

Paws dip into the permafrost of night,
Chill of air lingers in heated breath,
The flair of nostrils, the beating heart

Eyes peer forth into the shimmering mist,
Clear is perception, through all fogs and mist,
Vision heightened by moon's watchful gaze above,

The path before the eyes, grey, yet colorful indeed,
Maketh way for the passage of this solitary beast,
The wandering of night, the searching for peaceful slumber,

Gentle is the breeze the fluffs the fur to sparkle,
The rays alight its countenance to shine like diamonds,
Its eyes lit like lanterns in the night, keen, seeing, bright

Its gait, big, powerful, yet as gentle as snow on earth, gently falling,
Its steps sure in purchase, always feeling the foundation of Earth's blanket,
Its path, clear to see, makes note of its progress in frozen passageway,

Shadows dance upon the shifting trees, thoughts linger in air, whispers,
Ears cock to and fro, listening, contemplating, yet direction unchanged in pursuit,
Assurance is the breath of warmth when breath returns once more to its chambers once expelled,
(A sharing of substance indeed)

A toppling of tree, a culmination of branches meets the eyes, an entranceway into a cave,
Slowly the beast approaches, confidence is the promise of blessed sleep, slumber beneath the rays,
Brushing past the fingers of branch, wanting to brush off winter's coat for greeting of warmth,

Once inside, the beat follows the dances of the shadows upon the walls, beckoning, calling, directing,
Further, till the weary lion finds the comfort seat in a bead of branch and leaves, comfort to this traveler,
Slowly turning three times the circle, now nesting in its chosen spot, a resting place of its weary being,

It rests, gently; sleep comes beneath the soothing rays of moon, the funneling of radiance through all barriers,
Peace is found this night, the moon rideths overhead, bright is the color that alights

this slumbering beast,
Gentle is the heart, the purrs escaping. A silent prayer lifted, peace is found.

The breeze gently caresses the coat, all snagged particles brushed aside, all dust is lifted,
Once more the coat bristles and shines, perfection in all radiance, it sleeps, it rests, it learns,
Day's journey begets nights' rest, tasks become to rest, peace overcometh all, it is done.

Fast Forward
2019-05-28 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=29)
Kindly Pagans, White Supremacists Hold Dueling Gatherings In Southern State Park

Keep the Faith
2019-05-27 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=27)
Young black women are leaving Christianity and embracing African witchcraft

CBN News
2019-05-27 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=25)
Atlanta Church Hires Psychic Medium to Minister to Congregation

The Week
2019-05-25 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=23)
The princess of Norway and her shaman lover

Religion News Service
2019-05-24 (/articles2/article.php?article_id=21)
Getting in on - and tossed out of - the Satanist Temple joke - Religion News Service

More Articles (/articles2/)

Search

Quote of the moment:

An evil mind is a constant solace.

This site has received hits since Aug 4, 2000

COPYLEFT:
The entire content of all public pages in The Pagan Library (graphics, text and HTML) are free information, released under the terms of the GPL. All copyrighted items mentioned are the property of their respective owners, and no form of ownership or endorsement is implied.

Last modified: August 19 2018 14:55:49